BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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PASQVILS FOOLES-CAP

SENT TO SVCH (TO keepe their weake braines warme) *as are not able to conceiue aright* of his Mad-cap.

by Nicholas Breton

With Pasquils *PASSION for* the worlds waywardneſſe.

Begun by himſelfe, and finiſhed by his *Friend MORPHORIVS.*

(3)

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R B

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BIBLIOTHECA POLITECNICA TORINO

TO MY VERY GOOD friende, Master *Edward Conquest*, *as much happinesse from* Heauen, as his worthy heart can wish.

SIR, to forget your vndeserued kindnesse, were a note out of my nature: & yet how kindely to requite it, is many notes aboue my ability. But as a lame man, that striues to goe, shewes hee would runne, if hee had legges: so, in the humour of my *good will*, imagin a *Desire* of a greater matter. But leauing these complements, and to come to my purpose; as I haue found you a kinde *Spectator* of my *Labours*, so let mee entreat you, at my hands to accept this treatise, with a foolish *title*. Where, if *Wit* haue plaid the *Wagge*, let him not haue his name for nothing: and where you finde a head fit for this *Cappe*, either bestowe it vpon him in charity, or send him where he may haue them for his money. I know you are acquainted with many that well deserue it: whome, least they should be mistaken for better men, I pray you giue them the *Cappe* for their *Cognisaunce*. And so, hoping that your *discretion* will beare with my *imperfection*, to finde no better worke, to giue notice of my good will; I rest, with much thankfulnesse, in more *Affection* than *Protestation*.

Yours assured, to commaund,
N. B.

To the Reader.

OVT that Read, to tearme you Gentle *and be not, you would thinke I did mocke you: & therefore giue me leaue to thinke of you, as I finde you. But to the* matter: Mad-cap *hath past one fit, and new is fallen into another: what it is, you may partly guesse by the* Title. *For, in a* Foole, *is hidde a great deale of vaine matter: which you shall heere finde runne ouer, in a fewe Verses; not the best that euer you redde, nor perhaps the worst that you may meete with. But to be short, what* Pasquill *begun,* Morphorius *hath ended: how well I say not: but the better, if you like it: to whose kindnesse, in hope of patience, I commit it; and so abruptly I leaue it.*

Your friend:

TO HIS HONEST friende *Pasquill*, in all haste.

* *
*

FRiende *Pasquill*, hearing of late of the paines that thou hast taken in reprehending of the *wicked* (among the spirits of best condition, not a little cōmēded) I haue thought good (finding the corruption of this *Age*) to put a *Foole*, to thy *Knaue*. Among which weak witted brains, I haue not let slip such Beetle headed *Asses*, as taking vpon thē the worke of thy *Wit* (in seeking to rob thee of thy *VVorthinesse*) haue shewed the height of their *Foolishnesse*. Who, among other such wise people, finding their names but in their Natures, will (I hope) like good children, rather mend their faults, then be angry with their maisters: if not, let them sinke in their owne sorrowe: giue the *Mad-man* his *Mad-Cappe*, and the *Foole* his *Fooles-Cappe*: thou and I be friends, and the world fare as it list. And so farewell.

Thine, as his owne, MORPHORIO.

Morphorius to the Reader, in the *behalfe of his friende* Pasquill.

(***)

HEE, that of late was in a Madding fit,
Doth from a franzy to a folly fall:
And which is better, madde, or fooliſhe witte?
I thinke as good, almoſt haue none at all.
Well, Sugar ſweete, or bitter as the gall,
Tis Pasquils *humour*, ſo I pray you take it:
And as you like it, chuſe it, or forſake it.

His meaning was, to pleaſe none but himſelfe,
Nor to diſpleaſe but thoſe that well deſerue it:
He doth not care, though Enuy play the elfe:
His diſhe is dreſt, and hee will not Reſerue it:
But to the world, for ſuch poore diet ſerue it,
As are content with ordinarie diſhes,
While Nicer Gulles are choakt with Gugin fiſhes.

When he was Madde, hee Rag'd againſt the knaue:
Now idely fitted, falles vpon the Foole,
In hope that Doctors better wiſdome haue,
Than Carpe at ſcholliers that doe goe to ſchoole,
And miſſe a workeman but to knowe his toole:
For Graues-end Barge can neuer paſſage haue,
Till it be furniſht with a Foole or Knaue.

FINIS.

PASQVILS Fooles-Cap.

WHat meanes this world, that *Muſes* can not
But one or other will be working ſtill?
Tis no time now to breake too broad a ieſt;
Leaſt, had I wiſt, repent a heedleſſe will,
While hãmering skonces haue vnhappy reſt,
Which in their Cradles, being borne accurſt, (skill
Will euer conſtrue all things to the woorſt.

But ſince the *Wiſdome* of the world I finde,
Before Heauens *Wiſdome*, *Fooliſhneſſe* indeede,
While ſuch Illuſions doe the ſpirit blinde,
As onely growe vpon vngratious ſeede:
Which wicked Humours in the heart doe breede,
While trueſt *Wiſdome* liues aboue the *Sunne*:
Let me but play the *Foole*, and I haue done.

But ſome, perhaps, in pieuiſh ſpight will ſay,
The fielde is large, wherein I am to walke:
Where I may wander many an idle way,
And make a deale of fiddle faddle talke:
But ſay, my *Muſe* miſtake greene *Cheeſe* for *Chalke*,
This is the worſt (to hide her idle braines)
She ſhall haue but the *Fooles-cappe* for her paines.

But, let her weare it, since it is her due.
Who hath no *Wisdom*, can not speake of *Wit*:
Who neuer came where *Wit* and *Reason* grue,
Must needs shoot wide, whē that they aime at it.
For, while the *Gander* by the *Goose* doth sit,
Tis ten to one, how euer prooue the weather,
But that the birds will all be of a feather.

Then, good *Wise Man*, if such a one thou bee,
That dost these lines of little matter reede,
I pray thee be not in a chase with mee,
Although a *Iade* be spurred till hee bleede:
Keepe thou thy *Stable* for a better *Steede*:
Who hath beene well brought vp in *Reasons Schoole*,
May haue the patience to goe by the *Foole*.

But, if it be, you can not goe along,
But that you needes will stumble at a strawe;
If that your selfe will doe your selfe such wrong,
To let the *Worme* vpon your *Wits* to gnawe,
Vntill a *Crowe* be come to be a *Dawe*:
Then do but thinke how some this least will smother,
Why should one *Foole* be angry with another?

Then be not angry, let the *Foole* alone,
Except thou be a bird of his owne broode:
For trust it true, it will be ten to one,
If once thy heade be couerd with his *Hoode*,
It will so heate thy braines, and staine thy bloode,
That thou wilt fall into such Extasies,
As while thou liu'st, thou neuer wilt be wise.

Beware

Beware therefore in time of *Had I wist*,
Let not *Impatience* shewe thy pieuishnesse:
Keepe thy *Conceipt* within *Discretions* List:
Where thou maiest looke vpon that Idlenesse,
That fils the world too full of Foolishnesse:
Seeke thou to knowe but where true wit doth dwell,
And learne to laugh at *Fooles*, and all is well.

And if thou chaunce to meete an idle Mate,
Whose tongue goes all too glibbe vpon the seare,
And chiefe delight is so much in his prate,
As where hee comes, will be chiefe Prater there:
In friendly kindnesse tell him in his eare,
That in the Rules of *Wit* and *Reasons* schoole,
He will be counted but a prating foole.

And if you hap to light vpon a *Gull*,
That is conceipted of his Mother wit,
And doth apply his beetle-headed scull
But to an humour of an idle fit;
In honest kindnesse let him heare of it,
That in the Rowles of *Wisdomes* Rules you reede,
Lesse hope of him, than of a *Foole* indeede.

And if you chaunce to see the *Sonne* of *Pride*
Looke fifteene thousand mile aboue the Moone,
And lye abedde vntill his idle hide
Must make a Morning, of an after-noone;
For feare his Worshippe should be vp too soone:
Least that the Ayer should happe to doe him harme,
Lend him the *Fooles-cappe* for to keepe him warme.

And if you chaunce to spy a *Subtill Slaue*,
That hath a world of Simple wits beguilde,
And, like a cunning cogging, coosening knaue,
On others harmes, his helpes doth onely builde,
Tell him that *Sathan* is a subtill childe:
That while the *wicked* golde for drosse doe sell,
Makes Fooles seeme wise, vntill they come in hell.

Hee that doth murther twentie thousand men,
And sacke their cities, and their townes deface:
And, with the dash but of a wicked Penne,
Bring a poore world into a pitious case,
To gaine himselfe a kinde of *Monarches* grace:
Tell him what Angels read in *Vertues* schoole,
That bloudy *Pride* doth breede a hellish *Foole*.

Hee that doth couet more then is his owne,
And scrapes and scratcheth for a little drosse:
And, all with ease is like a Bladder blowne,
And neuer cares for any neighbours crosse,
For his owne gaine, to giue a thousand losse:
Tell him, when *Wisdome* beates the world about,
The *Foole* will quickly lay the Miser out.

The swaggring *Huffecappe* that will stare and sweare,
That hee will cut through the whole piece of cloath;
And face to face, will meete the olde blinde Beare,
And breake the Canne, that's filled vp with froath,
And cares not how he throwe away an oath:
Let him be sure when *Vertues* Honours fall,
In *Wisdomes* Court he hath no place at all.

The sneaking *Coward* that doth closely creepe,
And feareth euery shadowe where hee goes:
And of himselfe both watch and warde doth keepe,
For feare his Friendes should growe to be his Foes:
Doth so much title of true *Manhoode* lose,
That hee may reade what *Truthe* in honour tries,
A *Coward* neuer can be truely wise.

The Idle *Spendthrift* that will sell his land,
To feede the humours of an addle heade:
And sowes his seede vpon the barren sand,
Till late *Repentance* liue to begge his bread.
Let him beleeue what many a one hath read:
How euer *Fancy* make excuse for it,
Such *Had I wist* had neuer happy wit.

Hee that doth thinke that *Wit* is but in *Wealth*,
And plots to purchase kingdomes with a *Purse*,
And neuer thinketh of the *Spirits* health:
But doth his heart with wicked humours nurse,
And for a blessing, falles vpon a curse:
Let him confesse, if in heau'ns blessings blot,
Hee finde himselfe a wicked *Foole*, or not.

Hee that lookes Babies in his Mistris eyes,
And beates his braines to tell an Idle tale:
And thinkes himselfe, that hee is wondrous wise,
That breakes a leaft, though it be nere so stale:
And for a *Nut*, crackes nothing but a *Shale*:
How ere hee thinke of his owne wit amisse,
Wisdome will tell him, what a *Foole* hee is.

She that is neither Noble, faire, nor wise,
Nor scarce so rich as a newe shorned *Ewe*;
And yet, conceited in her owne foule eyes,
When shee is dabbled three foote in the deawe,
That shee may seeme a prettie handsome shrewe:
Let her not thinke, but such a *Shut the doore*
Is halfe a *Foole*; and if she be no more.

Hee that hath neither *Trueth* nor *Honestie*,
Good hand, good legge, good body, nor good face,
Nor any such exceeding qualitie
As may aduaunce him vnto *Honours* place:
Yet, thinkes himselfe a man of speciall grace;
When mad-men treade the *Woodcockes* Morris dauce,
Giue him the *Fooles-cappe* for his Cognisaunce.

Shee that is fifteene mile about the waste,
And all with fat vnable is to goe,
Yet makes her face vp in a piece of paste,
As though she were an Image of Rie Dowe;
Tell her but trueth that *Wit* and *Reason* knowes,
That this is all, that *Fame* doth her affoorde,
A filthie *Owle* is but a foolish Birde.

Hee that doth hit vpon a printed booke,
And findes a name neere fitting to his owne,
And of his owne poore wit hath vndertooke
The ground of all hath from his humor growne,
When euery Bird is by her feather knowne,
Pasquill doth tell him that poore *Æsops* Pie
Will shewe him how his *Wit* hath gone awry.

Hee

Hee that doth marry, all for *Wanton* loue,
And hath no *Reason* for his *fond affection*:
But all too late doth with *Repentance* proue
The wofull fruites of wretched *wils* direction,
While *Want* and *Sorrowe* are the *Soules* correction:
Tell him, such babies may the dugge goe sucke;
While louing *Foules* haue neuer better lucke.

Shee, in a glasse, that sees her *Sorrell* haire,
And straight will put it to the *Painters* die,
And then doth thinke that shee is wondrous faire;
When flattery feedes her humour with a Lie,
Oh, let her not in such an errour die;
But bid her kindly cracke this friendly Nut,
So foule a *Dowd* is but a foolish *Slut*.

Hee that delights to tell an idle tale,
Vpon the prattle of a cogging Mate,
And carelessely his credit set to sale:
Which being noted for his foolish prate,
He shall be sure to finde, although too late;
That *Wisdom* readeth these Rounds in *Reasons* schooles,
Newes-Carriers are next Neighbours vnto *Foolery*.

She that doth file her tongue for *Eloquence*,
To entertaine a world with Idle talke:
And thinkes shee hath the very *Quintescence*
Of quicke conceite, wherein her wits do walke:
Yet doth not knowe a *Buzzard* from a *Hawke*;
Let her beleeue, such giddie headed *Tittes*
Are not commended for the truest *Wittes*.

Hee that doth loue to talke of *Robin Hoode*,
Yet neuer drewe one Arrowe in his Bowe:
And yet doth thinke his skill is wondrous good,
That scarce the compasse of a marke doth knowe:
When such a *Goose-cappe* doth a shooting goe,
Tell him, that in the aime of *Wisdomes* eye,
Wide handed *Wits* will euer shoote awry.

Hee that doth put his state vpon his friendes,
In hope of grace, when all his good is lost,
Shall finde his *Wit* not worth two puddings endes,
When want of pence to reckon with the *Hoste*,
Doth make the *Begger* chalke vpon the poste:
Whose base condition doth too plainely showe,
Hee was not wise, that plaide the *Woodcocke* so.

Shee that doth thinke, shee hath a rare conceite,
That giues the *Cuckoe* to her kindest friend:
And laughes to thinke vpon that close deceit,
That doth but breede *Repentance* in the ende:
Tell her, if she the sooner not amend,
Wisdom sets downe, that knows what *Wit* doth meane,
A wicked *Drabbe* is but a foolish *queane*.

He that that is proud of his conceipted wit,
When he can cogge, and cozen, prate, and lie:
And place himselfe with better men to sit,
Then may beseeme so base a *Rascaldry*,
As is too farre from thought of *Chyualry*:
When euery *Asse* his due reward shall haue,
The *Fooles cappe* is too good for such a *Knaue*.

Hee

Paſquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that in heart doth ſay there is no *God*,
And neither thinkes of *Heau'n*, nor yet of *Hell*:
Nor hath a feeling of that heau'nly *Rodde*,
That makes the *Sowle*, in *Sorrowes* teares, to tell
How *Mercie* doth within the *Spirit* dwell:
Within the booke of *Wiſdomes* bleſſed *Schoole*,
The Lord of *Heauen* hath ſet him downe a *Foole*.

Hee that will lende more than he well may ſpare,
And he that ſpendes all that he hath and more;
And onely truſteth vnto *Fortunes* ſhare,
And cares not how he runne vpon the ſcore,
Vntill the *Begger* meete him at his dore:
Wiſdome will tell him truely in the end,
Hee is a *Foole* that is not his owne friend.

Shee that can looke as mildely as a *Lambe*,
Yet is a *Tigre* inwardly in hearte;
And cares not how, nor where ſhe leaue the *Ramme*,
When ſhe hath gotten once the rutting parte:
It is a Rule, in *Wit* and *Reaſons* Arte,
That ſhe, that hath no better natur'd *Wit*,
The *Wiſe* will tearme a dogged fooliſh *Tit*.

Hee that is brought vp idly in his Youth,
And ſcornes to labour in his elder yeeres,
And neuer thinkes vpon the day of *Ruthe*,
When want (entangled in the *Beggers* breers)
The heauie ſound of helpeleſſe *Sorrowe* heares:
Let him beleeue, that *Truetb* doth plainely wright;
The *Fooles-cappe* fits the *Idle begger* right.

Pasquils Fooles-cappe.

Hee that can plot a world of villany,
And neuer cares what *Vertues* loue deserueth:
And sortes himselfe with wicked company,
That from the way of perfect *Wisdome* swarueth,
While *Mercies* hand the gratious heart preserueth:
That sinfull wretch will finde in *Sathans schoole*,
A damned villaine is a cursed *Foole*.

Hee that doth fill his Cophers full of Goulde,
Yet will not weare good Cloathes on his backe:
But doth a kinde of Clowniſh humor houlde,
To haue his Garment cut out, like a sacke,
And thinkes *Redde Herings* haue a daintie smacke:
Tell him in kindenesse (that he may not quarrel)
The *Fooles-Cappe* will be fit for his *Apparrell*.

Shee that is giuen to *Ease* and *Sluttishnesse*,
And trifles out the time in *Trompery*:
And yet will thinke it is no pieuishnesse,
To feede her selfe with Idle *Foppery*;
May hap to finde in *Sorrowes* Misery,
That when the *Grashopper* doth leaue to sing,
An idle *Hielding* is a fooliſh thing.

Hee that doth studie twentie things at once,
And hath intent for to performe them all:
And yet his beetle addle-headed skonce,
In full conclusion can doe none at all:
If that the *Fooles-cappe* to his fortune fall,
Let him not thinke but it will finely fit
The *Idle heade*, that hath no better *Wit*.

Shee

Shee that is giuen to *Pride* and *Brauery*,
And *Ruffin*-like, will ſweare, and ſwaſh it out;
And ſtudies nothing els but *Knauery*,
To bring a wicked kinde of world about;
And caresnot whome ſhe followes with a flout:
Such fooliſh *Kittes* of ſuch a skittiſh kinde,
In *Bridewell* booke are euery where to finde.

Hee that is here to day, yonder to morowe,
And cares not how hee raungeth here and there:
Nor careth what hee can or begge, or borowe,
To ſpende or ſpoile, he cares not how nor where:
Oh, tell that Idle Fellowe in his eare,
If that hee doe not take the greater care,
The *Foole* will catch him, ere hee be aware.

Shee that doth loue to goſſippe, and to tattle,
And leaues her houſe to keepe it ſelfe alone;
And cares not how ſhe ſpend the time in prattle,
Till ſhee haue bar'd her *Huſband* to the boane:
Let her not thinke but ſuch an Idle *Ioane*
Muſt haue this note ſet downe vpon her name;
A *Tattling houſwife* is a fooliſh Dame.

Hee that can combe his head and curle his beard,
And ſet his Ruffes, and weare his Cloake in print,
And by his ſide can finely weare his ſweard,
And learne to fleere, and leere, and looke a ſquint,
And keepe his ſteppes, within a meaſures ſtint:
Let him be ſure to paſſe with this good flout;
Hee lackes the *Fooles-Cappe* yet to ſet him out.

Hee that is well in seruice entertainde,
And iustly hath the due of his desart;
And by his labour, findes that hee hath gainde
The carefull comfort of an honest heart;
Yet fondly will with such a Master part:
Tell him, what *Truthe* doth by *Experience* knowe;
Hee is a *Foole*, leaues such a Master, so.

Hee that will let his *Wit* to runne on Wheeles,
And in proud tearmes will with his betters stand,
Vntill his *Tongue* be tempered by his heeles,
Vntill his *Braines* haue better manners scand:
And if the *Foole* doe take him by the hand,
Bid him haue *Patience*, to endure the sounde;
That lacke of *Wit* will lay a *Foole* a ground.

Hee that in *Libels* takes delight to write,
And cares not whom hee wickedly defame;
But piecemeale will shewe a baggage Spite,
To touch the *Honour* of an *Honest name*:
What shall I say, that hee is much to blame?
Yea, and so much, as for his idle vaines,
Hee well deserues the *Fooles-cappe* for his paines.

Hee that hath all his studie in the *Clowdes*,
And all misliketh euery thing hee reedes:
And what the *Sunne* within her *Circle* shrowdes,
All in the height his haughty *Humour* feedes:
If hee doe chaunce to light on *Herbes* for *Weedes*,
Hee is but foolish; rise he neere so soone,
That runnes in haste to ouertake the *Moone*.

Hee that will *Reade*, before he learne to *Spell*;
And write a *Booke*, before he knowe a *Blot*;
And keepe a *Shoppe*, before he learne to sell;
And fall to *galloppe* ere hee learne to *trot*:
Whither such one thinke himselfe wise or not,
Let him be sure that better wits doe reede,
Such *Madhead* fellowes are but *Fooles* indeede.

Hee that with pleasure followes *Cardes* and *Dice*,
Drinking and *wenching*, and such Idle sportes:
Vntill too late *Repentance* knowe the price
Of *Patience* passage to *Saint Sorrowes* portes;
Wherero the *Begger* most of all resortes:
Oh let him knowe when he doth comfort lacke.
The *Begger Foole* will haue him by the backe.

Shee that doth finde her *Husband* true and kinde,
And for her wants to worke both night and day:
Yet like the *Wethercocke*, with euery winde,
Will turne her *Humour* euery idle way,
And cares not how hee fall into decay,
So shee be fedde according to her fit;
Shee is a *Baggage*, and a foolish *Tit*.

Hee that is maried to an *honest wife*,
That, as her life, in loue doth holde him deare:
With whome his heart may haue a quiet life,
And, in *content*, liue many a merry yeare:
Yet leaues a *Doe* to take a *Rascall Deere*:
The fruites of *Will* doe prooue his *Wit* accurst,
That so will leaue the best, to take the worst.

Hee that doth enuie euery mans good happe,
And knowes not how to get himselfe in grace:
And layes his *Loue* but all in *Fortunes* lappe,
Whose custome is her followers to deface:
When hee is fallen into a pitious case,
Oh let him knowe, before he hang himselfe,
An ennious foole is euen such an *Elfe*.

Shee that doth keepe an *Inne* for euery *Gueſt*,
And makes no care what winde blowe vp her skirt,
And readie is to breake a *Chaucers* feast,
To make a *Smocke* euen measure with a *Shirt*:
If such a one be call'd a *Foolish flirt*,
'Twas not for nothing that she had her name,
When all the world is witnesse to her shame.

Hee that doth take the lawe, but as a Ieast,
And will be hangd but for good fellowshippe,
And thinkes it nothing to be halter blest,
When from the *Gallowes* it is but a skippe:
Oh, let him not in anger hang the lippe,
If by desert this due reward hee take;
Hee was a *Foole*, that hangd for fashion sake.

He that wil weary out his friends with borrowing,
And be beholding to an *Enemy*,
And kill himselfe with too much *Sorrowing*;
To thinke, the touch of *Treasons* villany
Should make such worke in wicked company:
Wisdome will tell him, what *Experience* tries,
That kinde of *Wit* will neuer make him *Wise*.

Hee

Hee that importunes an *approued friend*,
And hee that feares to ſpeake where hee may ſpeede;
And in beginning, lookes not to the end;
But loues to glorie in a *Wicked deede*,
And will his heart with *wicked humours* feede:
These *Wits* doe ſhewe (that are ſo fitly matcht)
A *Neaſt of Fooles*, that *Wiſdome* neuer hatcht.

Hee that doth ſet his hand to euery *Bill*,
And neither cares for *Right* nor *Equitie*,
And onely bendeth his vnhappie skill,
But to the ouerthrowe of *Honeſty*:
Fooles, that are ſo neere in affinitie,
When *VViſdome* makes a tryall of *true Wit*,
Not one of theſe that hath to doe with it,

He that doth build high *Caſtles* in the *Ayre*,
Vntill they headlong tumble on his *necke*:
And hee that will not an olde *Shippe* repaire,
Till it be too farre tainted with a leake:
If that the *Woodcocke* giue his *Wits* the peake:
Let him not chafe if that it be his chaunce,
To weare the *Fooles-Cappe*, in a *Moris-daunce*.

Hee that can play on *Twentie hands* at once,
And turnes his humour vnto euery time:
And hath his *Spirit* tempered for the nonce,
To ſet his flowers onely in the prime:
If when he thinkes moſt warily to clime,
By due deſart a *breakeneck-fall* hee haue,
His craft doth prooue him but a *Fooliſh knaue*

He that will talke of euery thing hee knowes,
And credit giue to euery thing hee heares:
And builds his knowledge only on ſuppoſe,
Yet vnderſtands not what too plaine appeares:
How young or ould ſoeuer be his yeares,
Who of his poore *Wit* giueth witneſſe ſo;
Thinke him an *arrant Foole*, and let him goe.

Hee that doth wonder at a *Weathercocke*,
And plaies with euery feather in the winde,
And is in loue with euery *Nannicocke*;
Yet ſcarcely knowes an *Orange* by the Rinde:
When euery *Foole* is found out in his Kinde,
How is it poſſible but he ſhould paſſe,
For a *poore ſilly ſimple witted Aſſe*?

Hee that doth thinke it is no *Wickednesſe*,
To lead a young man into *Wantonneſſe*:
But takes delight in all *Vngodlineſſe*;
Vntil the *Heart* in *Sorrowes* heauineſſe,
Doe ſhewe the fruites of *VVils vnhappineſſe*;
Let that vile villaine reade in *Vertues Schooles*,
Such *wicked wretches* are *Vngratious Fooles*.

Hee that will chaunge a *Iennet* for a *Iade*,
And put his *Land* into a little *Howſe*:
And, in the way where *Little VVit* doth wade,
Watch a great *Mountaine* for a little *Mowſe*,
And fits to ſeede a *Monkey* with a *Lowſe*:
Where *VVill* is ſo in *folly* ouergone,
Wiſdome ſayes plainely, his is ſmall or none.

Hee

Hee that will put his state vpon aduenture,
And may be safe and if it please himselfe:
And hee that bindes his seruice by Indenture,
To baggage courses for a little pelfe:
If that his *Shippe* doe runne vpon a *Shelfe*,
Let him not thinke, but that poore *Wit* of his,
From *Wisdomes* Course, was carried quite amisse.

Hee that will creepe vnto an olde *Ioyne-stoole*,
And serue a *Thatcher* for a *Bunch of strawe*,
And hee that goes to worke without his coole,
And loues to wrangle with a *man of Lawe*,
And thinkes no Birde so prettie as the *Dawe*:
How ere such one be of his *Wit* conceiued,
Wisdome will tell him he is much deceiued.

Hee that will treade a *Measure* as he walkes,
And counterfaite *Maide Marians* countenance:
And loues to fall into those whisper talkes,
That bring poore *Wit* into a pitious traunce:
If that the *Foole* doe light on him by chaunce,
Hee must assume what *Fates* to him assigne:
I can not helpe him, tis no fault of mine.

Hee that will *Drinke* vntill his *braines be merry*,
And *Eate* vntill his *stomacke be too full*,
And *Lie a bed* vntill his *boanes be wearie*,
And *Prate so long* vntill he prooue a *Gull*:
If that such *braines* be lin'd with *Ganders wooll*,
When such *Wise creatures* put their *Wits* together,
To chuse *the wisest*, who knowes which is whether?

Hee that all day ſits *blowing at a cole*,
And neuer leaues till hee *put out the fire*:
And hee that *houlds his finger in a hole*,
To pleaſe the humour of a *fond deſire*:
And hee that loues to *trample in the mire*:
When theſe wiſe men togither make a play,
The *Foole* will runne with all their *Wits* away.

Hee that will *in an humour leaue a friend*,
And in a furie *fall vpon a foe*:
While ill beginnings make as bad an end,
When poore *Repentance* doth too late beſhrowe
The heedeleſſe *Will*, that *Wit* doth ouerthrowe:
That *Foole* muſt needes be turn'd vnto the Liſt,
Emong the number of the *Had I wiſt*.

Hee that will *tell his ſecrets to a ſtranger*,
And play the *Coward with an enemie*:
Hee that will put himſelfe in needeleſſe daunger,
To followe a *mad headed companie*:
Let him take heede a *ſodaine villany*
Make him not finde in true *Repentance Schoole*,
A *backward Wit* lackes little of *A Foole*.

Hee that will *weare his wealth vpon his backe*,
Yet in *his purſe doth ſcarce his dinner carry*:
And hee that ſaies *to giue his necke the cracke*,
Becauſe he will not *for his fortune tarry*:
If ſuch a *Foole* become a *Buzzards* quarry,
When *Careleſſe Will* doth ſhewe his *Wit* ſo ſmal,
Tis not my fault, I cannot doe withall.

Hee that doth *studie out his braines in trifles*,
And misse the humour of a better marke:
And cosens his conceite with *Foolish nifles*,
In taking of a *Bunting* for a *Larke*,
And euery *Pibble* for a *Diamond* sparke:
Hee that doth so his *Will* to folly fit,
Doth plainely shewe he hath no perfect *Wit*.

Hee that can eate no other *Meate* but *Milke*,
And for his *Horse*, must haue an *Ambling Nagge*:
And cannot weare a *Shirt*, but soft as *Silke*:
Nor keepe his *Coyne*, but in a *Golden Bagge*,
And must be knowne his *Mothers* kindest *Wagge*:
Such smoothed *Godsons* shew in *Wisdomes* schoole,
A *Milk-soppe Babie* is more halfe a *Foole*.

Hee that will be *afraide of euery dreame*,
And thinketh *euery puddle is a poole*:
And runnes ten miles to *eate a messe of Creame*,
And can not sit but on a *Cushin stoole*:
If such a *Noddy* be not thought a *foole*,
Hee hath great fauour in the Rule of *Wit*,
That sees his *Weakenesse*, and concealeth it.

Hee that doth fill his *heade so full of humours*,
Hee knowes not where hee may in quiet sit:
And hee that loues to raise *vnciuill rumours*,
Vntill that *Iustice* doe in Iudgement sit,
Vpon the wdrkes of such a *wicked wit*:
Such wicked *Wits*, for *honest peoples* health,
Might well be banisht from a Common wealth.

Hee that all night doth watch *a Conny borough*,
To catch a *Ferret*, that hath broke his *Muzzle*:
And hee that squats a *Hare within a furrowe*,
And sees how shee within her *Muce* doth Nuzzle;
And yet so long about the *Bush* doth puzzle,
That she is gone ere he can well beset her,
Which, of these two good *Fooles*, may be the better?

Hee that doth put all to *the latter day*,
To reckon euen with all *the world at once*:
And in the meane time is at such a stay,
Hee knowes not how to vse his addle *Skonce*:
If such an *Asse* be noddied for the nonce,
I say but this, to helpe his Idle fit;
Let him but thanke himselfe for lacke of *Wit*,

Hee that wilfully *falles into offence*,
And satisfaction neuer cares to make:
But carelessely stands in his owne defence,
While that the *Foole* his *Wits* doth ouertake:
When late *Repentance* makes his heart to ake,
Hee scapeth well, if (for such idle vaines)
Worse then the *Fooles-cappe* answere not his paines.

Hee that loues to be noted for *strange fashions*,
And for his *lockes*, and for his kinde of *gate*:
And in his *Muses*, and his *Passions*,
Will not be thought an ordinany mate:
If that his *Wittes* come to themselues, too late,
I know not well how to be his *Aduiser*;
But euen be sory, that hee was no wiser.

Hee

Hee that will hoorde vp all *for a deere yeare;*
Yet in the meane time want neceſſities:
Hee that will be vnto himſelfe ſo neere,
As bring himſelfe into extreamities,
By his owne wilfull cauſ'd calamities,
This is the end that will fall out of it;
Such *Niggard Fooles* haue neuer better *Wit.*

Hee that doth put *his wealth vpon a Cocke,*
A *Carde*, a *Die*, or ſuch an Idle toy:
And hath his humour ſo much on the *Smoake,*
As if it were his *Spirits* onely ioy:
When *Soorrowes* ſighes doe ſhewe the heartes annoy,
Let him goe backe vnto *Repentance* ſchoole,
And ſee how long his *VVit* hath plaid the *Foole.*

Hee that will buſie be with *Euery matter;*
Yet ſcarce hath power to bring one well to paſſe:
And neuer leaues to coſen, lie, and flatter,
Vntill hee prooue himſelfe a *Craftie Aſſe:*
Let him but looke in the *Foles* looking *Glaſſe,*
And there his *Woodcocke Wit* ſhall plainely haue
The true proportion of a *Paltry Knaue.*

Hee that perſwades himſelfe, *He is a King,*
Yet all the world doth for a *Begger* knowe him:
And hee that takes the *VVinter* for the *Spring,*
Becauſe the *Sunne* a little light doth ſhowe him:
If want of *VVit* doe wholly ouerthrowe him,
And that the *Cockes combe* to his *cappe* doe fall,
Tis not my fault, I can not doe withall.

HEe that puts *fifteene elles into a Ruffe*,
And *seauenteene yards* into a *swagg'ring slappe*:
And *twentie thousand Crownes* into a *Muffe*,
And halfe his land into a *hunting Cappe*:
If that the *foole* doe catch him in his trappe,
There like a *Woodcocke* let him walke about:
When hee is in, I cannot helpe him out.

HEe that in all his thoughts *is so vnholy*,
HEe makes no care of any good conceight:
But giues himselfe so much to *Idle folly*,
That vnto *Hell* hee runnes the high way straight.
If hee be poysoned with the *Diuels* baight,
I can not chooose but tell him like a friend,
Such wicked *Fooles* will haue a wofull end.

HEe that will *Braze his face at Lotheburye*,
Because he will not blush at *Knauery*:
And hee that will refuse no Drudgery,
To gather Drosse by any Slauery;
And yet will stand vpon his Brauery:
HE is no *foole*, whoeuer be an *Asse*,
Makes such a Couer for a looking glasse.

HEe that repents him of no wickednesse,
Nor takes delight in any godlinesse:
But in the way of all vnthriftinesse,
Doth wast the time of *Natures* wretchednesse;
Where helplesse Sorrowes, in vnhappinesse,
Doe breede the *Spirits* endlesse heauinesse:
That *Foole* is in the height of foolishnesse.

HEe

Hee that regardes not how hee vse his speech,
Nor careth how the world doe goe about,
Nor maketh reckening who beholde his breech,
Nor how hee play the *Logger headed* lowte:
Where *Wisemen* liue, if hee be beaten out,
Let him be patient, if it come to passe
A beastly *Foole* be handled like an *Asse*.

Hee that doth make his *Tongue a two hand sword*,
And only seekes his *Honour* all by stealth:
And cares not how *hee falsifie his worde*,
Nor by how much disgrace to *gather wealth*:
How euer so his Carcasse be in health,
Wisdom describes him, in true *Honours* schoole,
A *Gull*, a *Knaue*, a *Coward*, and a *Foole*.

Hee that doth gaine more, then he well may spend,
And prattles more then *Trueth* doth vnderstand:
And in his actions, alwaies doth intend
Vpon the stay of wicked workes to stande,
If that the *Diuell* take him by the hand,
Let him beleeue what highest *Trueth* doth tell;
Hee is a *Foole*, that leaueth *Heau'n* for *Hell*.

Hee that doth take a *Shadowe* for a *Substance*;
And yet doth thinke he hath a perfect sight:
And hee that takes an *Humour* for an *Instance*;
And yet beleeues his braines be in the right:
Hee that in darkenesse so doth looke for light
(How euer *Will* do take his *Wittes* to schoole)
Wisdome in deede will finde him but a *Foole*.

Hee that hath once a *piece of worke begunne*,
And knowes not how nor when *to make an end*:
And hee whose *will* his *Wittes* doth ouerrunne,
To make a *Foe* in wronging of a *Friend*:
Hee that doth so amisse his *Spirit* spend,
(Howeuer so his owne conceit doe deeme him)
Wisdome in deede will but a *Foole* esteeme him.

Hee that is *Esau* for *Vnthriftinesse*,
And followes *Caine* in his *vngodlinesse*:
And loues *Achitophell* for *wickednesse*,
And is a *Iudas*, in *vnfaithfulnesse*,
Whatsoeuer show he make of *holinesse*:
That man I finde in too much *foolishnesse*,
Hath redde the Scripture in *vnhappinesse*.

Hee that of *Machauile* doth take instruction
To manage all the matters of his thought;
And treades the way but to his owne destruction,
Till late Repentance be too dearely bought,
Shall finde it true, that hath beene often taught:
As good be Idle as to goe to schoole,
To come away with nothing but the *Foole*.

For feare whereof, least some of mine owne sect
(That haue but plaid the *Fooles*, with lacke of *Wit*)
Doe kindely tell mee of my *Cares* neglect,
In finding humours for the time more fit:
While wicked *Spirits* doe their venome spit:
I will conclude (to prooue worlds *Wit* an *Asse*)
Mans *Wit* is vaine, shalbe, and euer was.

Sapientia mundi, stultitia coram Deo.

Pasquils passion for the worlds waiward-nesse.

WIcked, vngratious, and vngodly *Age*, (sheight,
Where hatefull thoughts are gotten to their
How should my spirit in true passions rage?
Describe the courses of thy vile conceight,
That feede the world but with the diuels baight:
While wofull hearts, with inward sorrowes wounded,
Finde *Wit* and *Reason* in their sense confounded.

No, no, the depth of thy vnknowne distresse
(Wherein the heart is ouerwhelm'd with woes)
Exceedes the power of passion to expresse;
While so much griefe within the *Spirit* growes,
As all the power of *Patience* ouerthrowes:
While vertuous minds, within their sowles agrieued,
Must helpelesse die, and cannot be relieued.

The *cleerest eye* must seeme to haue no seeing,
And *Eloquence* must be to silence bound,
And *Honours essence* seeme to haue no beeing,
Where wicked windes runne *Vertues shippe* a ground,
While healthfull spirits fall into a swound;
That only *Pride*, that weares the *golden horne*,
May liue at ease, and laugh the world to scorne.

Pasquils passion.

If euery right were rightly apprehended,
And *best deserunings* best might be regarded,
And *Carefull workes* were to their worth commended,
And *Gratious spirits* gratiously rewarded,
And *wicked crafts* from *Conscience* care discarded;
Then might the *Angels* sing in *Heauen*, to see
What blessed courses on the earth would be.

But oh, the world is at an other passe,
Fooles haue such *Maskes*, men can not see their faces:
There is such flattery in a looking Glasse,
That winking eyes can not see their disgraces,
That are apparant in too open places:
But what auailes vnto a wicked minde?
No eye so clowdy, as the wilfull blinde.

To see the sleight of *subtill sneaking spirits*
(That dare not see the *Glasse* of their disgraces)
Thriue in the *World*, while better natur'd merits
Can not aspire vnto those blessed places,
Where *fair blesse hearts* should neuer shewe there faces:
Would it not grieue an *honest heart* to knowe it?
Although the *tongue* be sworne it may not showe it.

To see *a horse of seruice* in the field,
Hurt by a *Iade*, that can but kicke and fling:
To see *Vlisses* weare *Achilles* shield,
While hissing *Serpents* haue a *Hellish sting*:
To see the *Knaue of Clubbes* take vp the *King*,
Although hee be a wicked helpe at *Mawe*,
T'was but a *clowne* that yet deuis'd the lawe.

To

Pasquil's passion.

To see a sight of *Curres* worry a *Hound*,
A flight of *Buzzards* fall vpon a *Hauke*,
A *Coward villaine* giue a *Knight* a wound,
To heare a *Rascall* to a *King* to talke,
Or see a *Peasant* crosse a *Princes* walke,
Would it not fret the *heart* that doth behould it,
And yet in *figures* may not dare vnfolde it?

But what a kinde of *wretched* world is this!
They that are *honest*, let them be so still.
Such as are settled in their course amisse,
Haue much a doe for to reforme their will.
It is the winde that driues about the *Mill*,
That grindes the *Corne* that sometimes fils the *Sacke*,
That laide awry may breake the *Loaders* backe.

What shall I say? that knowes not what to say.
This *worlds* vile *Grammar* hath a wicked *speach*:
Where *Wealth* and *Will* doe carry such a sway,
That many a time the *Goodwife* weares the breech,
And the stowte *Oke* must yeelde vnto the *Beech*.
Such vile coniunctions such constructions make,
That some are poisned with a *Sugar* Cake.

Terence his *Plaies* are too much in request.
The *Knaue*, the *Foole*, the *Swaggerer*, and the *Whore*,
Thraso and *Gnato*, *Lais* and the rest
Of all the crue (that I dare say no more;
But ware the *dogges* that keepe the *Diuels* dore)
So play their parts vpon the worldly *Stage*,
That *thieues* are hangd before they come to *age*.

Oh, tis a word to heare a *Gander* keake,
And all the *Geese* to giue a hisle to heere:
To heare an *Owle* to teach a *Parrat* speake,
While *Cuckoes* notes make better *Musique* deere;
Where neere a better *singing bird* is neere,
Would it not grieue a good *Musitians* eare,
To be enforst to stand attentiue there?

To see a *Wise man* handled like a *Foole*,
An *Asse* exalted like a *proper man*:
To see a *Puddle* honour'd like a *Poole*,
An olde blinde *Goose* swimme wagers with a *Swan*,
Or *Siluer Cuppes* disgraced by a *Canne*:
Who wold not grieue that so the *world* should go?
But who can helpe it, if it will be so?

No, no; alas it is in vaine for mee,
To helpe the *eyes*, that ioy not in the *light*:
Hee that is sworne that hee will neuer see,
Let him play *Buzzard*, with his *blinded sight*.
An *Owle* will neuer haue an *Eagles* flight;
Hee, that is once conceited of his *Wit*,
Must die of *folly*: ther's no helpe for it.

And yet *good Fooles*, that can not doe withall,
May well be borne with, for their *simple Wits*:
But *Knauish Wits*, that *wicked Fooles* wee call,
(Where *hellish Sathan* with his *Angels* sits,
To worke the feates of many a thousand fits)
Those *foolish knaues*, or *knauish fooles* I meane,
I would to God, the world were ridde of cleane.

And yet it is in vaine such *world* to wish:
There is no packe of Cardes without a *Knaue*:
Who loues to feede vpon a *Sallet dish*,
Amoug his *Herbes* some *wicked weede* may haue.
Some men must winne, some lose, and some must saue.
Fooles wil be *Fooles*, doe *wise men* what they can,
And many a *Knaue* deceiue *an honest man*.

A *Curtall Iade* will shewe his *hackney* trickes,
And *Snarling Curres* will bite a man behinde:
The *Blacke Thorne Shrubbe* is best knowne by his *Prickes*:
A *Kestrell* can not chuse but shewe her kinde.
Wise men sometime must wait, till *Fooles* haue din'd:
And yet, those *Fooles*, in common *Wits* conceite,
Are *Wise*, when *Wisdom* on their *wealth* doth wait.

And yet the *wealthy Foole* is but a *Foole*,
The *Knaue* with all his wealth is but a *Knaue*:
For *trueſt VVisdome* reades in *Vertues* schoole,
That there is no man happy till his *graue*.
The *Hermit* liues more quiet in his *Caue*,
Then many a *King* that long vsurpes a *Crowne*;
That in the end comes headlong tũbling downe.

Yet who so base, as would not be a *King*?
And who so fond as thinkes not hee is *VVise*?
Doth not the *Cuckoe* thinke that shee can sing,
As clearely as the *Birde* of *Paradise*?
The *fowleſt Dowd'* is faire in her owne eyes.
Conceipt is strong, and hath such kinde of vaine,
As workes strange wonders in a *Woodcocks* brain.

But, what should *Fancy* dwell vpon a *Fable*?
In some farre Contries, *Women* ride a-stride:
The *Foole* that in the kinde can vse his *bable*,
Shall haue *Fat meate* and somewhat els beside.
For *Wit* doth wonders vnder *folly* hide:
Yet in true *Wisdome*, all are *Fooles* approued,
They that loue *Fooles*, and *Fooles* that are beloued.

But since tis best that all agree in one,
The prouerbe saies, *tis mery when friends meete.*
It is a kinde of death to liue alone.
A louing humour is a *pleasing sweete.*
Let *Wise men* studie on the *Winding sheete*,
And *weaker Wits* this poore contentment haue,
Tis better be a *Foole* then be a *Knaue.*

And so, *good friend*, if so thou be, farewell:
I must not stand vpon the *Foole* too long;
Leaste that my *spirits* so with *folly* swell,
As doe perhaps my *better humours* wrong.
And therefore thus in briefe I end my song:
The *wisest man* hath writ, that euer was,
Vanitas vanitatum, & omnia vanitas.

Vanitie all, all is but *vanitie*,
Nothing on earth but that will haue an end:
Where hee that trustes to bare *Humanitie*,
Shall hardly liue to finde in *Heauen* a friend.
Take heede therefore the *Highest* to offend:
Either learne *Wit*, where *truest Wisdome* lies,
Or take my word, thou neuer wilt be *Wise.*

And

And therefore let the *wise* not be displeas'd,
If they be counted *Fonde* as well as other:
For, tis a plague, that hath the world diseas'd,
Sinch *sinne* became vnhappie *Natures Mother:*
And let me say but this, my gentle *brother;*
Since all *is vaine*, that liues vnder the *Sunne*,
Good *wise man* beare with *Fooles*, and I haue done.

FINIS.